THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Deacon & Peterson, Publishers,
NUMBER SIXTY-SIX SOUTH THIRD ST.

Two Dollars Per Annum, In Advance.
THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

{ CLUBS.—FOR TERMS TO CLUBS SEE PROSPECTUS ON NEXT PAGE. }

DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXXV. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855. WHOLE NO. 1779.

Choice Poetry.

LOSSES.

Upon the white sea sand
There sat a pilgrim band,
Telling the losses that their lives had known,
While evening waned away
From breezy cliff and bay,
And the strong tides went out with weary moan.

One spake, with quivering lip,
Of a fair freighted ship,
With all his household to the deep gone down;
But one had wilder woe,
For a fair face, long ago
Lost in the darker depths of a great town.

There were who mourned their youth
With a most loving ruth,
For its brave hopes and memories ever green;
And one upon the West
Turned an eye that would not rest
For far-off hills whereon its joy had been.

Some talked of vanished gold,
Some of proud honors told,
Some spake of friends that were their trust no more;
And one of a green grave,
Beside a foreign wave,
That made him sit so lonely on the shore.

But when their tales were done,
There spake among them one,
A stranger, seeming from all sorrow free—
"Sad losses have ye met,
But mine is heavier yet,
For a believing heart hath gone from me."

"Alas!" these pilgrims said,
"For the living and the dead,
For fortune's cruelty, for love's sure cross,
For the wrecks of land and sea!
But, however it came to thee,
Thine, stranger, is life's last and heaviest loss."

—(London) Athenæum. FRANCES BROWNE.

Pictures of Life.

CHARLOTTE DUHAMEL; OR, THE LAST CHRYSANTHEMUM.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, FROM THE FRENCH,

BY CATHARINE H. BIRNEY.

The Duhamel family, large landed proprietors of the town of L——, in Brittany, have been horticulturists and botanical collectors, from father to son, for three generations. One monopolizes the dahlia, another the tulip, another the anemone, another the rose—all goes very well so long as they divide the floral domain among them, but if all happen to take a fancy to the same flower,—the Capulets and Montagues were rose-water friends to them.

Two of the brothers, Lucian and Jerome Duhamel, disputed for twenty years the empire of the chrysanthemums. The country people shudder yet in speaking of this war of Eteocles and Polynices, in which Lucian displayed the wild valor of Ajax, and Jerome, the calm skill of Ulysses. The former was the type of the brutal, egotistical collector; the latter, of the learned collector, learned from self-respect. Every place, however, was a field of battle for these two parties — the annual exhibitions, the horticultural journals, the seed sprout markets, the civil and commercial tribunals, and above all the flower beds of the rivals themselves, whose gardeners fought and knocked each other to pieces for their masters' sakes.

About two years, however, before the date of my story, their children succeeded in appeasing them one day. A pure and youthful love accomplished this miracle; two young hearts overcame those old heads. Albert, the generous, pure-hearted son of Jerome, found a great deal more beauty in the blue eyes and blond curls of his cousin Charlotte, than in his father's pink chrysanthemums; and Charlotte, a delicate, dreamy young creature, admired Albert's black eyes and brown locks much more than she did Lucian's purple chrysanthemums. In short the two cousins vowed eternal fidelity to each other, and resolved to try and bring about a reconciliation between their parents. They managed so well—love is as cunning as hatred—that a first amicable meeting, a friendly breakfast, took place at the house of the grandmother. They had all been talking pleasantly together, and were about drinking to the double knot of the reconciliation and the marriage engagement, when one of the guests chanced to read aloud the following notice from a paper he held in his hand:—

"For sale, at Marseilles, the collection of flowers belonging to Sir Burdett ——. This rich Englishman, formerly an officer of the army, and stationed in the East Indies, was the only possessor of the famous chrysanthemum, *the Last Crown*, which he received from the Maharadjah Beykanir, as a ransom for his daughter's liberty. This historical origin, and the superiority of the plant over any other of its species, attracts a great crowd of amateurs to Marseilles. The roots and seed of *the Last Crown*, will be sold in a single lot, according to the will of the deceased Sir Burdett, the 31st of October, at eleven o'clock precisely."*

At the first words of this announcement, Jerome and Lucian had pricked up their ears; at the next few lines, they forgot the grandmother, the children and the breakfast—at the last words, they calculated that they still had time to arrive at Marseilles. Then, each regarding the other and guessing his thought, there no longer remained any brothers, any lovers, all vanished before two rivals enraged after the same flower.

Lucian went out by the right, and Jerome by the left; one sprang into the post-chaise, the other into his own carriage. The latter getting in advance of the former, cheated him out of the relay horses; but, at the risk of his life, Lucian got ahead again by driving through the narrow cross-roads. Arrived at the second relay ten minutes before Jerome, he gave five louis to a postillion to delay his brother a quarter of an hour. Jerome revenged himself by sending a boy on a fleet horse to give two hundred francs to Lucian's coachman to upset the carriage. It was done, and while Lucian was struggling in a ditch and calling for aid, Jerome came flying along in his post-chaise, and seizing the reins, he drove furiously against Lucian's carriage, thus finishing its destruction; but the shock broke the spring of his own vehicle, and the two rivals found themselves on the ground—between two carriages. Do you think they offered to help each other? They did not even take time to indulge in a little abuse, but started to run as fast as they could. Lucian, lame from his fall, was soon left behind; Jerome reached an inn where there was a good horse and an old jade; he mounted the good horse, leaving the jade for his brother. But the latter had a bright idea, which was to have Jerome's carriage hastily repaired, and to put the two fast teams together. He thus regained in one day the lost time, and continued his journey very comfortably, whilst his brother went jumping and bounding along the road. Jerome, however, though shaken and aching in every joint, believed that he was twenty-four hours in advance, when as, on the morning of the 30th, (the sale was fixed for the 31st,) he ascended the deck of a steamer which would touch at Marseilles just about the hour of the sale, he saw arrive upon the quay, amid a cloud of dust, his own carriage, which he thought was broken to pieces; and then get out of it his brother Lucian, who said to him, as soon as he saw him on the boat:—"I return you your carriage in good condition. It runs very smoothly, and has restored me entirely from my fatigue and my fall."

Thus our rivals finished their steeple chase, tete-a-tete in the same boat, looking and glancing at each other like two jockeys nose to nose on the same horse.

The next day they were the first persons at the sale of the *Last Crown*. From five francs to five francs, backwards and forwards, like two shuttlecocks, and outbidding all the rest of the wondering bidders, they got the flower up to three thousand francs. At this price, already exorbitant, Jerome gave up and left the hall, with a gesture of despair, which drew a cry of joy from Lucian. But the latter had counted without reference to Sir Burdett's heir, a phlegmatic Englishman, with red hair, who now began to bid by pounds sterling; and, his eye-glass fixed upon Lucian, made him go on, surprised, breathless, beside himself, up to twenty thousand francs.

"This John Bull wants to keep the family plant, and will get it from me at any price!" said Lucian, at last giving up. "No matter," he added, "my brother won't have it any more than myself, and who knows but that I may obtain a seed from the heir?" And with this consolation he stepped back, and the *Last Crown* was adjudged to Sir William for the sum of twenty thousand and fifty francs. But judge of the mystification of Lucian, and of the triumph of Jerome, who came back at this moment, when the Englishman, letting his eye-glass drop, said pompously,

"Clerk, you will understand that *I* have bought this flower for Mr. Jerome Duhamel, who will pay over to you the eight hundred and two pounds sterling!"

You understand the trick which had succeeded with Jerome in discouraging Lucian. And Lucian would willingly have given twenty thousand francs to have annihilated the look of triumph with which his brother said to him,

"I thank you for having my carriage repaired; it will serve to convey me with this to my garden! The *Last Crown* is worthy of the struggle made to obtain it!"

Lucian had a blood-stroke and was carried out insensible.

Of course after such a battle, the truce was broken, as well as the marriage projects, and the war was resumed with more desperation than ever.

Upon returning to L——, Lucian met Jerome adorned with a flower from his Chrysanthemum. He no longer went out without that. It was his ribbon of the Legion of Honor. He even pinned it to his dressing gown. He had his portrait taken with this decoration. Lucian, in his anger, uprooted his own garden, and sued Jerome for causing the upsetting of his post-chaise. Jerome sued him for his broken carriage. Lucian added an affair about a division wall; Jerome one of a common spring of water. The whole lasted a year, and became so entangled, that the judges, understanding nothing about it, dismissed the parties back-to-back.

Lucian implored from heaven the frosts of Kamschatka to kill all his brother's chrysanthemums. He raised a fence three feet, in order not to see those big yellow and crimson corollas, which made him dream of false keys, of scaling and stealing. This was the cause of a new suit which Jerome won. Lucian had to lower his fence and submit to the punishment of Tantalus. He ended by thinking, with a shudder, that he could only have the *Last Crown* after his brother's death. And Jerome was the youngest! and he prospered in his triumph while Lucian sank visibly in his despair.

All this time, Charlotte and Albert were consuming away also. Separated, living next door to each other, seeing each other without approaching, meeting without daring to exchange a word, not daring even to write. (It would have been the signal for the departure of Charlotte, Lucian had warned her). Their tenderness increased with their fathers' hatred, and they corresponded by the hours, the plants, colors and noises, by the infinite sounds in nature, like prisoners and mutes; and they repeated to each other in all the turns of this language:—"I think only of thee! I will never marry any but thee!"

Once only, one summer's evening, they gave each other an innocent rendezvous. Both had, that morning, supplicated their fathers with tears, and both had heard the same words:—*You shall never be united!* Charlotte had remained for two hours after it stupefied with grief; and the grandmother, who still protected them, and who saw the young girl withering like a flower in the shade, thought it her duty to inform Albert. It was in the old lady's garden and in her presence that the young couple met.

"Charlotte," said Albert, taking her hand, "the hatred between our fathers is a fatal aberration of intellect which we must forgive them for, but they are killing us without wishing it and without knowing it. I must be guilty of a fault to spare them, in spite of themselves, the commission of a crime, and God will forgive me for not letting you die for a chrysanthemum! You will be of age in a few weeks, I have been of age for three years. To-morrow I will address a legal summons to my father for permission to marry you. It will be braving one more tempest; but let a double hope sustain you, that of soon being my wife, and of reconciling our families by our happiness!"

Heaven, which looked upon the lovers through its millions of stars, received their vows, and they separated worthy of the accomplishment of them.

Albert kept his word: he made the summons the next day. His father received them at a solemn moment. He was about starting for Paris where his *Last Crown* was being exhibited to the eyes of Europe, under the vigilant guardianship of his gardener; he was anxious to contemplate them himself at the Luxembourg palace, and receive in person the high distinction which they would draw upon him. If this journey had only been a matter of life and death, Albert's revolt would certainly have retained him at home; but as it concerned his flower, he coldly tore up the summons, and started for Paris, putting off an answer to his son until he should return.

An hour afterwards Albert resolutely entered his uncle's cabinet, and announcing to him that he should be free in a few weeks, asked his daughter's hand for that epoch.

Lucian was first seized with a paroxysm of fury; then a strange, unheard-of, incredible idea, an idea which could only emanate from the brain of a collectionist, suddenly changed him entirely.

"Albert," said he, holding out his hand to his nephew, "you shall have my consent to your marriage, if I have within a fortnight a root of the *Last Crown*. I give for a gift. Do you agree?"

"What! rob my father, and in his absence!" exclaimed the young man, perfectly indignant; "never!" and refusing his hand he went out.

"That is not his last word," thought Lucian, who, happening to think of himself at twenty years of age, and then of Charlotte's beauty, immediately laid out his Machiavelic plans against his nephew.

The following days he allowed the young people to see and speak to each other at their grandmother's, and even at his own house. And Cupid knows with what delight they profited by the permission! Lucian called that pouring opium over Albert's conscience. After every happy day spent in Charlotte's society, his uncle, in waiting for him like a serpent for a bird, repeated to him every evening:—

"Well, my chrysanthemum root?"

Albert would then awaken as it were with a start, and always refuse, but more and more feebly. The fifth day Lucian having whispered to him, upon sending Charlotte away; "No flower, no bride!" Albert did not dare to look at the young girl who went away in tears, and he fled himself in order not to yield to the temptation. For sixty hours, sixty centuries! he was refused admission to the house, and his cousin was pitilessly imprisoned in her own room. He at last lost his patience, and forcibly entered the door and his uncle's room; he supplicated, menaced, wept, went down upon his knees, without obtaining any other answer than:—

"My chrysanthemum root!"

Then his pride and his honor revolted at once:—

"You forget, sir," he imprudently cried, "that your daughter will soon be of age, and that she will then marry me in spite of you."

"In spite of me!" exclaimed Lucian, passing from mildness to anger; "know then that, if she does not renounce all thought of you from this time, I will start with her day after to morrow for India, where we will seek for the *Last Crown* together!"

Albert turned pale, trembled, and asked forgiveness, but his uncle only turned his back upon him and left the room.

"What have I done!" thought the young man, rushing madly from the house. "If he should really carry her off! He is just the man to do such a thing!"

He passed the night wandering in his father's garden; he was tempted to crush the red and yellow *Last Crowns* which shone out in the moonlight.

"Alas!" he exclaimed, ringing his hands, "those two men have then, instead of a heart, a chrysanthemum in their breasts!"

The unhappy youth was pretty nearly right, and could not have defined his father and uncle better. They were the most sensible and the best people in the world in everything else (particularly Jerome); but, as regarded plants, two tigers, (particularly Lucian,) and, what was worse, two fools, and more than that, two maniacs; and two maniacs who, believing themselves alone reasonable, looked upon every body as fools who called them so. If you know any collectionists you will not say that I exaggerate my picture.

The next day Albert learned with terror that great preparations for departure were going on at his uncle's. He remained stationed before the house until night, and then saw Charlotte, pale and weeping, at a window. Was it a star or a flash of lightning in the storm? He swung himself up ten feet from the ground to hear what she had to say; and she related to him, in a half-stifled voice, that her father was really going to set out with her for India, that he had declared his intention to her in a manner to admit of no doubt of his sincerity.

"What is to be done, then? what can be done?" cried the young man.

"I do not dare to tell you," murmured Charlotte, "but that is the only way to save us!"

"The *Last Crown*! always that! Oh, heaven, have pity on me!" cried Albert, letting himself drop upon the ground regardless of the distance.

"*Shall we see each other again?*" sobbed Charlotte, leaning out of the window.

But the stern voice of Lucian, who was on the watch, stifled the young man's reply.

Upon his return home, Albert found a letter from his father, who announced his arrival for the next day, said not a word about the summons; spoke of his anxiety to see him again, and recommended his *chrysanthemums* to him, as he would have recommended his life—this was his invariable postscript.

"Ah! they are really his life," said Albert, weeping over the letter; I might as well strike him to the heart, as to rob him of his treasure! It is absurd, ridiculous, incredible, extravagant, but so it is. And I can do nothing! for my poor father loves me, after all—almost as much as his collection! But—oh! no, we ought not to die for a flower!"

At break of day, he saw his uncle's carriage brought out. There was going and coming in the house. The court was filled with baggage. A note was thrown from a window, and fell at his feet. Albert read these words:

"Post horses are engaged for this evening. Save me, or I shall die!"

The young man blinded, staggering, and almost fainting, sustaining himself by the wall, reached his father's garden.

In the cloud in which his soul was enveloped, he could only see Charlotte carried off, expiring. He recalled her paller and her weakness which had been increasing for some time, particularly the last few days.

"*If only it is not too late!*" said his beating heart, for his lips dared not pronounce the frightful words. And, shuddering, beside himself, with wandering eyes and feverish hands, he seized a pot of budding chrysanthemums; then, turning away like a thief, frightened at the sound of his own footsteps, not daring to look at his booty, he traversed the garden and the house until he reached his father's laboratory. There, suddenly, as he was about to advance into the room, he uttered a cry, and let the plant slip out of his hands upon the floor.

He had just perceived his father, in front of him, standing, motionless, with the yellow and red corolla in his buttonhole, gazing upon him with a deep, terrible look.

"Pardon me! pardon me, my father," he cried, falling upon his knees. "Keep your flower, but come with me and save Charlotte."

Then, receiving no answer, he arose trembling, and saw that he had been speaking only to his father's portrait. It sufficed, however, to stop him for a moment. He reflected that his father might arrive before Charlotte's departure, that he certainly would not wish to kill them both, that he was calmer and more reasonable than Lucian, that he could either disarm him or frighten him, etc. In short, leaving the flower in the laboratory, he remained, concealed by the window curtain, watching his uncle's door, and the travelling carriage, and ready to do anything to stop its departure, even if he had to throw himself under its wheels. He saw—with what torture—Lucian go out and return, give his orders, and look at least a dozen times towards his brother's house. The last time, Albert saw upon his face, a strange, undecided, ironical smile, and he immediately said to himself:—"Can it be possible that all this display is only to try me, only a comedy?"

But this last hope soon vanished. The horses and the postilion arrived; they harnessed up; Charlotte was led out, or rather, she was carried to the carriage. As Albert leaned from the window, she saw him, stretched out her arms towards him, tried to call to him, and fell back fainting.

Albert, beside himself, looked to see if his father was not coming, and, seeing only his uncle get into the carriage after his daughter, and give the order to start, he seized the chrysanthemum with a convulsive grasp, and rushing into the street, cried, in a choking voice:—

"Stop! stop! here I am!"

But the carriage was already beyond the sound of his voice. He rushed after it. Three times he fell with his burthen, but jumping up again, he went on almost flying, and finally, taking a short cut, came up with the carriage at the corner of a street.

He had barely strength to thrust the flower into the window, and say:—

"Here is the *Last Crown*, uncle! take it!!! and give me back Charlotte!!!"

Five minutes afterwards, the carriage turned about, carrying Lucian triumphant, armed with the chrysanthemum, and his daughter insensible upon Albert's breast. As they entered the house, they met Jerome, who had just arrived, and who noticed neither carriage nor horses, nor Albert nor Charlotte—but only his *Last Crown* in his brother's arms!

"Unhappy man!" he cried, in a tone of grief more terrible than his anger, "you have robbed me, when I had hastened here to give it to you!"

And this miracle was true! Jerome carried its explanation in his hand and at his buttonhole; in his hand, two letters; at his buttonhole, the ribbon of the Legion of Honor.

The letters, written by the grandmother, and containing a recital of what had passed, had reached Jerome on the road, that same morning, and had moved him by that eloquence of the heart which nothing can equal. The ribbon of the Legion of Honor was the prize for the *Last Crown*, publicly decreed to Mr. Duhamel, as the first horticulturist of France.

Thus, his flower having realized his most ambitious dream, celebrity and the ribbon, the man had already regained the ascendency over the florist, and he was thinking of taking rank in history by endowing Europe with his treasure, when the afflicting letters from his mother reached him, and restored him entirely to himself. He arrived at home then, as the king of amateurs, as an affectionate father and uncle, to reconcile everything, by offering, with one hand, his son to Charlotte; with the other, his flower to his brother; with both hands, his *Last Crown* to the world, when he perceived at his door—what you already know!

Lucian was sufficiently punished by his brother's words: "*I was going to give it to you!*" And happy would it have been for him, if his punishment had ended there. But by the trial of the departure (it was a real one,) he had, without knowing it, unhappy man! given his daughter a shock too great for her strength. In vain all that could be imagined to save her surrounded her during two weeks; her father at her feet, her uncle near her, Albert at her side, her bridal wreath upon her brow, the happiness of her whole life in her hands. Nothing could revive the gentle nature which had been so afflicted, cure the tender heart so bruised, or keep back that soul promised to death by grief.

Upon the fifteenth day of this agony, the *Last Crown* bloomed in Lucian Duhamel's garden, and his true diadem, his daughter, expired upon his heart.

The brothers, at Albert's entreaty, then destroyed all their chrysanthemums except one—and this *Last Crown*, too justly named so this time, was buried with her whom it had killed.

Horticulturists have since sought in vain to find or to produce the crimson and yellow chrysanthemum. They can only mourn over their lost time and efforts.

* Textual extract from the papers of the year 1841. Every horticulturist in Europe remembers this celebrated sale.

LINES.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Why will our poets sigh and moan
O'er withered hopes and flowers,
When fresh hopes spring again as soon
As buds bloom after flowers?

Our dullest hours, if rightly spent,
Will quickly pass away;
And pleasant smiles from those we love
Will cheer the darkest day.

But I have been a favorite
Of fortune, I believe;
I never met those fickle friends
Who "smile but to deceive."

"I never nursed a dear Gazelle,"
I'd like one, just to try,
For all my pets do wondrous well,
And very seldom die.

I never "drop my buttered toast
Upon the sanded floor,"
And if I did, I'd leave it there,
And calmly butter more.

I do not find this world so cold,
Nor hearts so hard to win;
And where we have so much to love,
To grumble is a sin.

ALICE.

Selected Sketch.

RUSSIAN MARRIAGES.

The following occurrences are related with a view to illustrate the character of the Russian people in connection with Marriage.

Matrimonial alliances between persons of different ranks in life are of very rare occurrence; the Russians set their faces against them, and the government discourage the practice. No noble can marry a woman of ignoble birth without the consent or permission of the Emperor, which is not seldom withheld. However, as Daniel O'Connell once observed, there was no act of Parliament through which he could not push his elbow, so there is no law, whether in Russia or in any other country, that can not be evaded, as the following occurrence, which is strictly true, will demonstrate.

A nobleman of high rank became enamored of a young female, beautiful, well educated, of unexceptionable conduct, *but*—the daughter of a shopkeeper. He knew perfectly well that the Emperor would never grant him his permission to marry the girl. Now there lived at St. Petersburg a Count far advanced in years, and nearly decrepit with age; he was, moreover, impoverished by play, to which he had been addicted all his life, and in which he still indulged as much as his very limited means would allow. To this gentleman the nobleman applied, and made him the following proposal: "I wish you," said he, "to marry a lady with a dowry of ten thousand silver roubles, of which you shall have the absolute disposal." The old gambler snapped at the offer, of course. "Yes," said the nobleman, "but there are certain conditions to which you must submit." "Any and every," replied the Count. "Very well, now understand me well. The moment you are married you part with your wife to me, against payment to you in hard cash of one half of the amount, and you will consent to be divorced from her as soon as possible, on payment of the other half." "Agreed," said the old gambler. The parties were secretly married, the first half of the sum agreed upon was paid down to the Count, and the lover, who had acted as brideman, and had a carriage in waiting, carried away the bride from the church, and brought her back in safety to her father's house. A divorce was soon obtained, at an extra pecuniary sacrifice, and the second half was paid to the Count. The nobleman now applied to the Emperor for permission to marry the Countess ——, for such she now was. This was granted, and the nuptials were celebrated with becoming pomp. But though a man may sometimes elevate by marriage a woman of low degree to his own rank, no nobly-born lady would degrade herself by a mis-alliance. She might allow the pride of caste to give way to love, to passion, but never to marriage, as the following occurrence will show, which, though a well-attested fact, might, from its dramatic character, seem the invention of a novelist.

There resided at St. Petersburg an old General descended from one of the oldest noble families in the empire. He was as wealthy as noble, a widower, and had but one child, a daughter, the sole heiress to his vast possessions. Olga was beautiful and accomplished, of a sanguine temperament, intelligent, of a character almost masculine for firmness, but unhappily her master passion was pride. Many a suitor presented himself, in many respects her equal, but she rejected every offer, assigning as her only reason his want of high birth. Her father, though desirous of seeing her married, was not altogether displeased at her repeated refusals, and each for the following reason:—

There lived in his family a young man, likewise of good descent, and distantly related to him. The old General had brought him up from his infancy, and loved him as if he had been his own son. The character, conduct, and talents of the youth, not less than the filial affection which he had displayed on all occasions toward his kind protector, had inspired him with the wish to see him united to his daughter. This young lady had, however, not only never exhibited any signs of partiality for the young man, but her demeanor toward him had been distant, if not repulsive, throughout. The young man loved her deeply, sincerely, and she knew it. Dimitry Vassilieff had attained his twenty-third year, and held a commission in the army, but had never seen active service. Hopeless of inspiring his cousin with any tender feeling toward him, he determined to join the army of the Caucasus, in the hope of sharing the fate which ultimately awaits all who serve in that army—a speedy death. He acquainted the General with his intentions. The latter having in vain endeavored to dissuade him from such a step, and his determination being fixed, he applied for permission, which was readily granted, and prepared himself for his departure. Painful was the parting to both Dimitry and the General, while Olga took a cold and formal leave of him. He mounted his horse, and with a heavy heart he left the abode which to him had ever been a paternal one. Gloomy and sad he arrived at the first post-house. There a note was handed to him, containing the following words: "I wish you to return, but do not show yourself till midnight. My maid will conduct you to me. No one must know of this. Destroy this note."

It required no signature. Dimitry was too well acquainted with the handwriting to leave any doubt upon his mind as to the writer. Surprise, not unmixed with hope, now assumed the place of despondency, and by midnight he found himself at the gate of the house which he had left in the morning without the expectation of ever beholding it again.

The girl, who had been waiting for him, conducted him in silence to the apartment of her young mistress, who addressed him in the following words: "You love me; I know you do; but your love can not reach the depth of mine. Your wife I shall be, but secretly. You shall share my apartment, but you shall remain concealed. The world shall never know that I am the wife of a man beneath me in rank and birth. My father must be left in the belief that you are with the army, and as no tidings from you will arrive, you will be supposed dead, and be forgotten. This house shall be our paradise, our world."

The General had an old and trustworthy valet, who, though only a serf, had been treated almost like a friend. The old man had been a soldier, and had more than once exposed his own breast to receive the sabre-thrust or pistol-bullet destined for his young lord. This man, for some real or imaginary offence, had been ordered to be flogged by Olga, whom he had nursed in her infancy. Russian inferiors receive such chastisements as a mere matter of course, but though they receive them without murmuring, they remember them. Terrible has been the vengeance of serfs on their masters and families for wrongs long since endured and apparently forgotten. The meek Russian, when let loose, becomes a wild beast. The death of his oppressor does not satisfy him. It must be inflicted under the most dreadful tortures. Wife and children slaughtered like cattle before the eyes of husbands and fathers; these cut to pieces, flayed alive, burned over a slow fire, or thrust into a baker's oven, stripped naked, besmeared with honey, and tied to a tree to be tormented to death by insects—such are the punishments inflicted by them, such is the fate that would await every noble at the first attempt to introduce any mitigation into the political and social system under which Russia exists at present. This has been proved on more than one occasion.* The old domestic had not forgotten the ill treatment he had received. He murmured not, but abiding his time, was determined not to allow the first opportunity to escape to be revenged, if he could be so with safety to himself. Somehow or other he had begun to suspect that his young lady, who now led a life of almost total seclusion, was not alone. He watched, and felt assured that a man was concealed in her apartment. The opportunity for revenge had arrived. He determined to communicate his suspicions to his master. The latter could not believe it possible. The valet obtained, however, the General's permission to give him notice at any hour of the day or night when he thought that he might be assured of the presence of any person in his daughter's rooms. The valet watched. One night he awoke the General, to announce to him that he was sure the man was at that moment in his daughter's chamber. He had observed his shadow on the blinds of the windows by the light in the room. He could not be mistaken.

The General having waited till the night was far advanced, proceeded noiselessly to his daughter's apartment. After having knocked repeatedly at the door without obtaining an answer, it was opened to him by the lady's maid. His daughter, with real or affected surprise and anxiety, demanded of her father the reason of this untimely visit. He stated to her his suspicions. She requested him carefully to search every one of her rooms. He did so, but found no one there except the lady and her maid, who, she said, had been sharing her bed, as she was indisposed. The old gentleman entered into conversation with his daughter, and after an hour's friendly chat returned to his room, satisfied of his daughter's innocence, and much vexed with his old servant, who, nevertheless persisted in his statement. Nor had he been mistaken. When the alarm had been given, the lady, assisted by her maid, had hurried the young man to a distant room in the house, where stood a large chest. Having made him enter this, she had covered it with the lid, locked it, and concealed the key.

No sooner had her father left the room than she hastened to release the prisoner. On uncovering the lid, what was her horror on beholding him motionless—a corpse. He had been suffocated. Her maid was about to indulge in lamentations, but Olga stopped her. "This is no time for weakness or irresolution. My honor and my name must be saved. The body must be removed. You have a brother—Audrief. Let him come here this evening and carry away the body. Tell him he shall have a princely reward. He shall never want gold so long as he keeps the affair a secret; the moment he divulges it his life shall be forfeited."

With Russian inferiors, to hear was to obey. The girl sent for her brother. He took charge of the chest, removed it to his own dwelling, and on the following night either buried the body or threw it into the river. Olga now reappeared in society, at court, in all the gaieties of which she joined; but her gaiety was assumed, the rose had faded on her cheek, her eye had lost its lustre, her brow its smoothness; *pride* and haughtiness had given place to apathy and indifference, almost to humility, for care, and sorrow, and blasted hopes, regrets, and bitter self-reproach cankered in her breast.

Audrief—the poor serf—finding himself possessed of an amount of wealth exceeding his most sanguine hopes, soon began to indulge in all the excesses of a *nouveau riche*. He who had hitherto devoted the few copecks which he might have obtained by labor or petty theft† to the purchase of wodkee, now drank champagne, nor did he treat his boon companions less liberally than he treated himself. The *prodaja vie* had become his home, its landlord his best friend, himself its most honored guest. This sudden change in his circumstances, this boundless command of money, had not only attracted attention but excited curiosity. One evening, drinking as usual in company of a number of serfs, all nearly intoxicated with the wine and brandy furnished them at his expense, one of the company observed that he must either have found a treasure, committed a robbery, or obtained a rich mistress—by no means an uncommon thing in Russia. "I have neither committed a crime, nor discovered a gold mine," replied Audrief; "as to a mistress, something might be said about that. You all know General ——? Do you know his daughter Olga, the beautiful and proud? Now, I need but name to that lady the sum of money I require, and it is handed to me." "Mind what you are saying," said the landlord; "you have an excellent chance of getting a severe flogging, and being sent on a journey to the mines in Siberia."—"You do not believe me, then?" resumed Audrief; "very well. You shall be convinced. Which of you, my friends, will go for me to the house of General ——, and tell the Lady Olga from me that I require her presence here?" One of the company mustered courage sufficient to go on the dangerous errand. Arrived at the residence of the General, he delivered this extraordinary message to the lady's astonished attendant, who, alarmed and indignant, communicated it to her mistress. The latter, not in the least disconcerted, returned the answer that she would instantly comply with Audrief's commands, and in fact she proceeded to the tavern forthwith, accompanied by her maid. When they had arrived at the wine-shop, the company, unprepared for such a result, wished to retire.—Olga stopped them. "Not one of you leaves this house," said she; "you shall all drink my health in champagne, and receive the cup from my own hands." Having placed herself behind the counter, she ordered the landlord to bring forth the best wines from his cellar. She herself uncorked the bottles, filled the goblets, and handed them round. The guests, some of whom were already half-intoxicated before her arrival, soon became entirely so. To others was left the choice of drinking or being flogged. Olga continued to pour out wine, then brandy, and thus she proceeded till every person in the room, including the landlord, was reduced to a helpless state of intoxication. "Now is the time," said she, addressing her attendant. "Help me to collect all the combustible materials within reach." These were gathered and spread about, spirits were poured upon them, and they were set on fire. Before the alarm could be given, the house, which was of wood, was in a blaze, and before aid could arrive, it had become reduced to a heap of smoking embers, covering the burned or suffocated bodies of its late inmates. Olga and her maid had long since disappeared. "I am safe at last!" exclaimed Olga, when she had entered her room. "While your brother lived my life and my reputation were at his mercy. Not a living soul has seen me but those who are silenced forever, and you whom I can trust." She might have trusted the girl under ordinary circumstances, but the girl did not trust her. What could prevent a woman so determined, so restless, acting under the influence of such violent passions, from sacrificing to her apprehensions her, the faithful servant, the obedient slave, the passive tool, but the only witness of her guilt? Her brother had been sacrificed, and she might be doomed to share his fate. That brother's death, too, cried for vengeance.—Further concealment on her part, too, placed her life in jeopardy. Inquiries might have been instituted—she might have been seen.—Her very mistress might rise up a witness against her. The evidence of the noble witness would outweigh the plain tale of the poor serf. She determined to denounce the whole circumstance to the police. She found means to do so. Olga was arrested secretly, examined, and the affair having been laid before the Emperor, his Majesty left her the choice, either to die on a scaffold—an event of extremely rare occurrence in Russia, where capital punishment is scarcely ever inflicted—or to marry a common soldier. Olga would have preferred death to degradation, but the entreaties of her aged father prevailed. She became the wife of a common soldier, whose regiment was stationed in one of the worst regions in the Empire. Her attendant, who had been detained by the police, was confined to a prison where she probably ended her days.

Petersburg and Moscow are notorious for the libertinage of the male, and the absence of restraint on the actions of the female population. In no city in Europe, not even excepting Paris, (which, after all, is painted in much darker colors than it deserves,) do vice and immorality stalk forth so boldly as in these two; and, indeed, in the other large cities of the Empire. It is gross withal in the country. If the cities are whitened sepulchres, full of corruption within, the country towns and villages are sepulchres not even whitened—they are thrown wide open, exhibiting their hideousness to the light of day.

Conjugal infidelity is so notorious, that a popular belief exists that children under two years die only as a punishment to the mother for the sins committed by her. Hence the extreme care and attention and anxiety of mothers for their infants—independent of the natural maternal instinct—till the critical period is past. It is a superstition cruel, it is true, to the innocent, but acting as a check upon the viciously inclined. The number of deaths under two years of age in Russia, is indeed remarkable, and altogether disproportioned to the total number, as will be seen from the following details collected from official documents:

The total number of births in Russia, exclusive of Poland, Finland, the Russo-German and Swedish Provinces, and the Caucasus, amounted, in 1852, to 2,710,729—the number of deaths to 2,172,478. Of these were born in St. Petersburg 14,529, in Moscow, 9,888, and the deaths were, in St. Petersburg 31,727, in Moscow, 18,755.

Now, of these 18,755 deaths in Moscow, the number belonging to the Greek Church was 17,280, and of this number the deaths under five years of age amounted to 4,847, while the number of deaths between the ages of five and ten years amounted to only 417. Thus, the number of deaths under five years of age amounted to nearly 27 per cent. of the total number; but of these 4,847, the number of children under two years was 3,511.

* "Have I not always been an indulgent master to you?" said a nobleman, to his serfs, who had just murdered his family. "You have." "Have I not always treated you with the kindness of a father?" "You have, indeed." "Why, then, do you wish to take my life?—Is the death of my poor wife and children not sufficient to gratify your revenge?" "You are our master and a noble. We have sworn to take your life, and we cannot violate the oath we have taken." They killed him on the spot.

† Almost every Russian belonging to the lower classes (and not exclusively to them, either,) is a thief. To be guilty of theft is no disgrace, neither is the flogging which follows detection. Children are trained to stealing by their parents, and taught to regard with indifference the infliction of the birch. It is a singular fact that a Russian can bear, without quailing, bodily suffering under which the natives of other countries would succumb. This is partly the effect of education.

For the information of our lady readers, and in order to put them on their guard and give them a friendly hint in the event of their husbands intending to pay Russia a visit, we may state that the marriage between a foreigner and a Russian woman is lawful, though it should afterwards turn out that he has a wife living in another country. An instance of the kind occurred while the writer was at St. Petersburg. The man, a German by birth, but a naturalized American citizen, married his servant, a Russian, (though he had, and probably has at this moment) a wife living at New York, with whom he has a daughter now in her twentieth or twenty-second year.—*Life Illustrated.*

TO A COQUETTE.

The spell of a sparkling soul,
The charm of a nameless grace,
Breathe them bright for his bitter dole
Who turns an unwary face;
Trance him in dazzled thrall,
Till he gaze like a spell-bound bird,
Till the warning call of heaven might fall
On his heavy ear unheard.

Then smile with a graceful scorn,
And leave him there unblest;
Let him fly afar on the wings of morn,
And vainly seek for rest;
Let him writhe, and moan, and rave;
Let him love, if he can, again;
So deep a slave that naught but the grave
Shall wholly burst the chain.

Care not for corroded years,
For a fallen spirit's moan;
For a pallid face in the vale of tears,
Which looks on thee alone.
Leave him within his hell,
Soar to some heaven apart,
Forget him well as the bridal bell
Tolls o'er his buried heart.

Original Sketch.

THE WHYS AND WHEREFORES; OR, WHO'S TO BLAME?

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUNT ALICE.

Why do we pinch our feet in tight slippers, or wear thin gaiters in damp weather? To please the gents to be sure! What girl has not heard her uncle, brother, male cousin, nay, even her father, speak in raptures of small feet, and laugh at large ones? Can they blame us, then, if we sacrifice comfort, and even health to please them? It is neither pleasant nor comfortable for us to walk over rough places with tight, thin shoes on; neither is it pleasant to be pointed out as "the girl with clumsy, large feet." And so, of two evils, we choose the *least*.

Why do we sit in the parlor to entertain the beaux, while our mammas toil in the kitchen?

Verily because these same beaux prefer our company to our mamma's. If we left them, and sent in our "olders and betters," the beaux would leave instanter, and spread the report, far and wide, that we were "rude, quite unfitted for society, uncivil," &c. &c. Ah, you little know how we have to *jump round*, to make up for lost time after you have bowed yourselves out.

Why do we attend winter parties clad in thin clothes, with arms and neck bare?

Why? Because we often hear gentlemen speak of other girls looking "as if they were choked with their dresses tight round their throats;" or, such a one's "dress was more suitable for a funeral than for an evening party." How, again, they will go into ecstacies over the gossamer drapery of some city belle; and praise her "alabaster shoulders and perfect arms."

After all this, can we be expected to wear thick, dark dresses? You would not wish us to? Then why blame us?

Why do we load ourselves with so much clothing in warm weather? Ah, there it is again. Now, tell me candidly, who among you would be willing to invite to a pic-nic any girl who looked, as you term it, "like a bean-pole, all one size from her head to her heels?" Don't we hear you raving about "well-turned figures?" Do you suppose we love to wear all this amount of cotton? Not at all; but we do not like to be neglected, and called dowdies, so we take the burden upon us, all for your sake?

Why do we mince at table, and scarcely eat enough to keep a bird alive? Did not Byron hate to see a woman eat, and do you not quote Byron to us, and watch every mouthful we eat? I only wish you could see us at the cupboard when we get a sly chance! We do not live on air, by any means; oh, no! and you will find that out in time.

Why are we not always in readiness to receive calls? Have you yet to learn that dress is all put on, and that we must have some time to arrange it? What if we do keep you waiting a few minutes, when you call at unseasonable hours, are we not making all the haste we can, while you are pacing the parlor like caged bears? We have one dress to unhook, and another to hook up, making about fifty of those troublesome little fastenings, to deal with. (You can't think what a bother they are.) Then we must take the papers from our hair, or you would be horrified. You all admire ringlets, and no doubt you think they should always hang in graceful, shining clusters, sleeping or waking, always in order, needing no attention except a "gentle toss of the head," as novel writers tell you. But let me tell you curls are not "fixed facts." They are more trouble than all the rest of our toilet. For sometimes even your tenderest notes, fail to give them the right twist. If you admire curls, you should never be frightened at curl papers.

Why do we ever run like frightened deer when you call unexpectedly? Now let me ask you if you are always prepared to see us? How would you receive a company of young ladies, should they call at your office, just as you had drawn off your boots, and thrust your feet into slippers that would not conceal the "hole in the heel of your hose?" Your coat and vest thrown off? Your heels on the mantle-piece, and a cigar in your mouth? Would you run? No, gentlemen *dare* not, faint they consent. You would be glad to do either rather than be seen in such a plight. We run because it is our privilege to do so, and to spare your feelings, for you are a sensitive set of things.

Why do we attend parties, balls, and concerts every night during the season? Who takes us, pray? Do you not beg us to go? and if we refuse on some occasions, don't you take your revenge by never inviting us again? We do not always wish to go, neither do we wish to be entirely excluded from these scenes. We go all the time, or sit at home moping all winter. We would prefer a little of both, but you order it otherwise.

Why do we laugh so much when we get to ourselves? Just because we have seen a great deal to laugh at! There! the secret is out.

☞ AN AMUSING BLUNDER.—Senator Jones, of Tennessee, in a letter lately published, speaking of the recent growth of Abolitionism, refers to the time when the Abolitionists were a few blind fanatics, scattered all over the country, "like *Angels'* visits, few and far between."

☞ Sympathizing friend.—"Why do you look so sad, Laura, dear?" Laura.—"Because, love, they say pink bonnets will be worn this season; and you know they are so very unsuitable to a girl of sentiment."

Selected Articles.

FONTANELLE, THE OMAHA CHIEF.

A correspondent of the Missouri Democrat, at Wolf River, Kansas Territory, writing under date of August 6th, gives the following account of the death of a celebrated Indian chief—who seems to have been worthy to be classed with Uncas, King Philip and Tecumseh:—

Logan Fontanelle, chief of the Omahas, has just been slain and scalped at Loup Fork, by a band of Sioux. Logan was a noble fellow, and in this last mortal conflict, he dispatched several of the enemy to the spirit land before, to herald the coming of his own brave soul. He fought long, desperately, and with great effect, but numbers finally overcame him, and his life departed through a hundred wounds. He died a martyr for his people, and his name should be carved upon Fame's brightest tablet.

He was on his annual hunt with his nation. A number of his lodges were pitched upon the plains near Loup Fork. As a young warrior one day rode around the adjacent hills, he espied a powerful band of Sioux encamped along a stream in a sequestered vale. He hastened to inform Logan of the proximity and power of their natural foe. Logan ordered his people to pack immediately, and proceed in a straight line and with all speed for home, while he would remain behind, and divert the Sioux by false camp fires, and other devices, from a direct pursuit of them. This was about twilight. The people got under way as quickly as possible, but not too soon; for scarcely had they turned a highland when several Sioux warriors came in sight and discovered the place of their recent encampment. They examined it and found that Omahas had been there, and then they returned to notify their chief, and bring an adequate force to pursue and slaughter them. Logan, from a hiding-place, saw and knew that no time was to be lost in drawing their attention from the trail, which they would soon discover and follow, and mounting his horse, he dashed away at full speed across the prairie, at right angles with the route his tribe had taken, and struck a fire about eight miles distant, on an eminence where the Sioux could distinctly see it. He had scarcely done so before a powerful band were upon the spot that he and his people had so lately left, and who, without stopping to distinguish the trail, started for the fire which they saw rising against the clear, blue sky, and where they expected in another moment to imbue their hands in the gore of their unguarded victims. But Logan had not been unwary. As soon as the fire was lighted, he again mounted and rode on eight or ten miles further, and kindled another fire just as they reached the first. This rather bewildered them. They dismounted and examined the ground. Logan, anticipating this, had trotted and walked his horse around it, so as to make the appearance upon the grass of the treading of a dozen horses; and this drew them into the belief that a small body had lingered behind and kindled this fire, and then gone on to where they could see the new fire burning; and so they followed with renewed avidity. The same thing happened as before. Logan had gone on, and another fire met their astonished gaze, while the same sort of foot prints were about the one around which they were now gathered. Their suspicions were now awakened. They examined the ground more closely, both far and near, and discovered that a solitary horseman had deceived them, and they knew that it was for the sole purpose of leading them off from the pursuit of the party whose encampment they had first discovered.

Logan saw them going round with glaring torches, and understood their object, and knew that his only chance of safety was in his immediate flight toward his home; and he further knew that by the time they could retrace their way to their place of starting, and find the trail that his own people had taken, they would be beyond the reach of danger.

The Sioux, in the meanwhile, also divided into smaller bands, the largest of which was to return and pursue the Omahas, and the others to endeavor to capture the one who had misled them. They knew that he must be an Omaha, and that he would either go further and kindle another watch-fire, or start for his nation in a straight line; and therefore one party went on a little further, and the other spread out towards the Omaha country, for the purpose of intercepting him. Logan pressed forward as rapidly as his jaded steed could bear him, until he thought he had entire eluded them; but as the day dawned, to his horror and dismay, he saw his pursuers close upon his track. He turned his course for a ravine, which he distinguished at a distance, covered with trees and undergrowth. He succeeded in reaching it, and just within its verge he met an Indian girl dipping water from a spring.—She was startled and about to cry for help, when he hastily assured her that he needed protection and assistance. With the true instincts of noble woman, she appreciated his situation in an instant, and all her sympathies were with him. She directed him to dismount and go to a small natural bower to which she pointed him, in the verge of the woods, while she would mount his horse and lead his pursuers away. He obeyed her, and she mounted his horse and dashed on in a serpentine way through the woods, leaving marks along the brushes by which she could be traced. The pursuers soon followed. When she had got some distance down the branch, she rode into the water and followed its descending course for a few steps, making her horse touch his sides and then leave foot prints in that direction, and then turned up the bed of the stream and rode above the place at which she entered it, without leaving a trace, and back to where Logan was concealed. She told him to mount and speed away while his pursuers were going in a contrary direction down the ravine. He did so and got a long distance out of sight, and again thought himself out of danger, when in a valley just in front of him, he saw fifty braves coming up the hill and meeting him.—They were some of those who were returning from the pursuit of his people. He changed his direction and tried to escape, but his poor horse was too much exhausted to bear him with sufficient speed. With savage yells they plunged their rowels in their horses' sides and gained upon him. As the foremost approached within good shooting distance, Logan turned suddenly and sent a bullet through his brain. Then, loading as he galloped on, he soon after made another bite the dust; and then another, and another, until four were strewn along the plain. Just then, however, as he was again reloading, his horse stumbled and fell, and the band rushed upon him before he had well recovered from the shock. He was shot with bullets and arrows, and gashed with tomahawks, and pierced with lances; notwithstanding all which, he arose amidst his foes, and with his clubbed rifle and hunting knife, he piled around him five prostrate bodies, and fell with his back upon their corpses and expired, still fighting.

He was scalped, and hundreds of warriors held a great war-dance over him.

Thus Logan Fontanelle departed, and his noble spirit was followed to the spirit land by the sighs and lamentations of his nation, and the sympathies and aspirations of the brave of every land.

☞ A man of no account—A ready-moneyed man.

ATTACK BY CATTLE UPON A RED WAGON.

Extract from one of Col. Claiborne's letters from the Pine Woods of Mississippi, published in the N. O. Delta:

"I set out for Augusta, bowling merrily along in a blood-red wagon. The road is beautiful—roofed over with trees and vines, and the air fragrant with the breath of flowers. There was only one drawback—the myriads of flies of every species that swarmed around and ravenously sapped the blood from the ears, neck, and flanks of my horse. It was what is appropriately termed here 'fly-time'—that is to say, the period when this numerous family of scourges have it all their own way, and neither man nor beast can venture into the woods with impunity. Now 'the cattle of a thousand hills,' and even the wild deer, seek the shades of men, and huddle around some smoking pine, or stand in some open field, to escape their periodical tormentors. On a sudden curve of the road, I found myself in one of these 'stamping grounds,' and a sudden roar from five hundred infuriated animals gave notice of my danger.

"It is well known that the Spanish matadores provoke the wounded bulls of the arena by flaunting the muleta or blood-red flag before them. It was the color of my equipage that excited this bellowing herd. They scented the air, planted their heads near the ground, tore up the earth with their hoofs and horns, and glared at me with savage eyes. The fierce phalanx blocked the road, and the part of discretion was to retreat. The moment I wheeled, the pursuit commenced. A cloud of dust enveloped them, and their trampling feet was like the roll of thunder. My horse dashed forward, frantic with terror, and on they plunged, on every side crushing down everything in their course, goring and tumbling over each other, filling the woods with their dreadful cries, and gathering nearer and nearer in the fearful chase.

"The contest now became desperate. In five minutes we should have been overturned and trampled to death; but at this juncture, I threw out my overcoat, and with an awful clamor they paused to fight over it and tear it into shreds. Driving at full speed, I tossed out a cushion; the infuriated devils trampled it into atoms, and came rushing on, their horns clashing against the buggy, and ripping up the ribs of my horse. At this fearful moment we were providentially saved. A monstrous oak, with a forked top, had fallen near the road, and into this I plunged my horse, breast high, and he was safe, the back of the buggy being then the only assailable point. At this the whole column made a dash, but I met the foremost with six discharges from a revolver; two bottles of Sowell Taylor's best were shivered in their faces; next a cold turkey, and finally a bottle of Scotch snuff—the last shot in the locker.

"This did the business. Such a sneezing and bellowing was never heard before; and the one that got it put out with the whole troop at his heels, circling round, scenting the blood that had been spilled, and shaking the earth with their thundering tramp. I was now fairly in for it, and made up my mind to remain until sunset, when they would disperse, as in 'fly-time' cattle graze at night. I was relieved, however, by the approach of some cattle drivers, who, galloping up on shaggy but muscular horses, and with whips twenty feet long, which they manage with surprising dexterity, soon drove the herd to their 'cow-pens,' for the purpose of marking and branding. This is done every year in 'fly-time.' The cattle ranging, scattered thirty miles round, are now easily found, collected at their stamping grounds, where the respective owners assemble, and put their marks and brands on the increase of the season. Thus, the Egyptian plague is turned to a useful purpose."

THE PLAGUE OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.—There was one disease called the black death, the black plague, or the great mortality. The most dreadful visitation of it was one that began in China, spread over Asia, and in the year thirteen hundred and forty eight entered Europe. Europe was then, however, not unused to plagues. Six others had made themselves famous during the preceding eight-and-forty years. The black plague spread from the south of Europe to the north, occupying about three years in its passage. In two years it had reached Sweden; in three years it had conquered Russia. The fatal influence came among men ripe to receive it. Europe was full of petty war; citizens were immured in cities, in unwholesome houses overlooking filthy streets, as in beleaguered fortresses; for robbers, if not armies, occupied the roads beyond their gates; husbandmen were starving feudal slaves; religion was mainly superstition; ignorance was dense, and morals were debased; little control was set upon the passions. To such men the pestilence came, which was said to have slain thirteen millions of Chinese, to have depopulated India, to have destroyed in Cairo fifteen thousand lives a day. These were exaggerated statements, but they were credited, and terrified the people. Certainly vessels with dead crews drifted about in the Mediterranean, and brought corruption and infection to the shores on which they stranded. In what spirit did the people, superstitious as they were in those old times, meet the calamity? Many committed suicide in frenzy; merchants and rich men, seeking to divert the wrath of Heaven from themselves, carried their treasure to the churches and the monasteries; where, if the monks, fearing to receive infection with it, shut their gates against any such offering, it was desperately thrown to them over their walls. Even sound men, corroded by anxiety, wandered about and lived as the dead. Houses quitted by their inhabitants tumbled to ruin. By plague and by the flight of terrified inhabitants, many thousand villages were left absolutely empty, silent as the woods and fields. The Pope, in Avignon, was forced, because all the churchyards were full, to consecrate as a burial place the river Rhone, and insure to the faithful an interment, if not in holy ground, at least in holy water. How the dead were carted out of towns for burial in pits, and how the terror of the people coined the fancy that through indecent haste many were hurried out and thrown into those pits while living, every one knows; it was the incident of plague at all times. Italy was reported to have lost half its inhabitants. The Venetians fled to the islands, and forsook their city, losing three men in four; and in Padua, when the plague ceased, two-thirds of the inhabitants were missing. This is the black death, which began towards the close of the year thirteen hundred and forty-eight to ravage England; and of which Antony Wood says, extravagantly, that, at the close of it, scarcely a tenth part of the people of this country remained living.—*Dickens's Household Words.*

A LEGITIMATE SOVEREIGN.—We translate the following from "Tavernier's Travels," Vol. IV., p. 29.

"It will doubtlessly be here asked why I do not make mention of the King of Borneo as well as of the Queen. The reason is, because, in this kingdom, women are always the rulers; for the people are so jealous of having a legitimate heir to the throne, that, the husband never being assured that his wife's children are also his own, but the wife's maternity of her children on the contrary always being a thing certain, they prefer having their monarchs succeed in the female line, the Queen's husband being her subject, and with no power except what she may bestow upon him."—*Reserve.*

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA

TERMS, &c.

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Postmasters, before sending for Clubs, would render a favor by having them send to this address, when they can do so conveniently. This paper may open the way to many subscribers, and the interests of the postal for which they are responsible.

☞ A Word of Remembrance.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now send no subscription papers, out of the mail. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to the Post, should be careful to give the name of the town, or mail office, in which they live. All letters without this are lost.

Whenever writing their paper changed, they will please give the name of the Post-Office to which it is sent, as well as the Post-Office to which it is hereafter sent to.

We have had much error and trouble the Post-Master, as do not feel inclined to take advantage of our kindness by communications with other subscribers for other individuals, and responsible persons who will be willing to act for clubs, &c.

PROSPECTUS.

We may state, for the benefit of strangers who desire to see the style of the Post, that it is now in its SEVEN-FOURTH year, and has between 30,000 and 40,000 subscribers.

The contributors to the Post are among the best writers in the Union. We select chiefly between the publication of

THE ORIGINAL SKETCHES, by GRACE GREENWOOD; which we design following by

TWO, by Mrs. or Lucy Hooper, by Mrs. Southworth, author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Deserted Wife," &c., &c., &c.

In addition, of course, to the above, we shall endeavor to keep up our usual variety of Selections, Original Sketches and Letters, Poetry of Love in our own and foreign lands, Choice Selections from all sources, Agricultural Articles, General News, Humorous Anecdote, Tone of our Fashion Plates, Literary Notices, Kate Pen Letter, Puzzles, &c., &c. Our object being to give a Complete Record, so far as our limits will allow, of the Great World. For terms, &c., see head of column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

S. S. L., Va.

☞ We have received a number of letters during the last two or three months, which we should have replied to, and which we intended to reply to, but which have escaped our memory. Some of these letters ask for information which we have not at hand, and which will require considerable inquiry. Editors send "to know" every day, and we cannot answer them all, nor hope of being paid for them. But these are at least two or three inquiries in the case of which we will make an effort to answer, and which we hope to see in the columns of our paper before long. Others of these letters ask for information which we have not at hand, and which we will endeavor to procure for you, but we must not be a good writing one. Therefore please write as short as possible. One number of a newspaper, &c., with as much literature as possible.

PRISON DISCIPLINE.

The Pennsylvania Journal of Prison Discipline, for July, contains several articles of peculiar interest, one by Lucy Stone and Rose Pe-terson, of which we give a summary, with a view of showing the progress and obstructions which are still tolerated in many parts of the Union:

In Erie County Jail, New York, one prisoner left, a day or two previous to the visit of the Committee, after receiving his bill for trial for eleven months!

At Cleveland Jail, Cuyahoga County, Ohio, there were thirty-six prisoners—among them the famous persons, and one boy twelve years old, awaiting trial.

At Detroit, Michigan, seventy-eight prisoners were in confined. Twenty of the number were between nine and thirteen years of age. In this prison four large cells are occupied by twenty-seven men and boys, all huddled together like sheep or cattle in a pen. The tender mercies were with the most perverted ingenuity, and there was no depth of corruption to which the inmates might not sink. One young man was confined for months, on a charge of passing spurious money, knowing it to be so. He was then discharged, it being proved conclusively that no criminal purpose was entertained. The man was not even given to the jury, no citizen was the prisoner's innocence.

The poor fellow was a mason by trade, and at the time of his arrest had been employed by the month, and he still had his wages, some two hundred miles or more in the interior. He had a wife and four children dependent on the fruit of his daily labor for their sustenance. For four years and a half he was kept in prison by the measure, he still had the right to a speedy trial, and the right to bail, and to counsel, and to compulsory process for witnesses. But he was without friends in Detroit to obtain honestly the means of returning to their homes, and was thus kept in wretched bonds. The man was intelligent and modest, and had seen the world of which he had read with him. He told he, voluntarily, that he had become more of the many of the Prince of Darkness in that prison, during the succeeding five months, than he could have whom have conceived in a lifetime. He form of the prisoners could be named, he said, which was not familiar there—no degradation, which he had not touched there—no vice which, but purpose or negligence that it should not be practiced there. Four times went out over upon he was fully prepared for such a representation.

At Wagner, Wisconsin, the prisoners are well clothed, and have comfortable cells. The superintendent is to an unusual degree, and no indication of his character, it is stated that the prisoners have all the kindness that poor has been personally attended every patient and addressed to his words, and not a single fatal case occurred. In the first 24 Los prisons, in counts, there were only three prisoners. The cells stand open all day, and there is room for poor in and out; they are so well satisfied with their accommodations that "they cannot be better cared for."

In Madison Jail there was a most convicted of drunkenness, and placed there, by company with counsel, because he could not pay a fine of $1.50. The law, says the writer, constrains to this—

If you can pay $4.50 for the privilege, you may intoxicate yourself as much as you like, but as soon as your money has been paid to that you with the felon-fraility, whence you will soon be transformed into a decent citizen, and return into a skilful forger, a bold incendiary, or a ferocious highwayman!

Two young men were committed on a charge of burglary, and remained to wait six months before being brought to trial.

In Rhinebeck, a woman was recently committed to jail for safe keeping. The cause of her insanity was connected with religion. She had begged to attend Camp-meeting, and to receive Christmas, and was possessed of some child in money. After having lain in Jail a while, the hunger became keen, and she stole a piece of "Sisters of Charity," who were to receive $5 per week for nothing care of her.

In Chicago, the Jail is comfortable. No prisoner is detained for costs unless he is able to pay.

The Jail in Cincinnati has thirty cells, twenty of which accommodate, badly ventilated, dark, and each occupied by two or more evil-ones. The other ten are double cells, and contain four, five, or six persons each. The male and female wards are nearly upon, and the keepers communicate freely by means of a door.

The State Penitentiary at Columbus, Ohio, is admirably conducted.

The Penitentiary Jail, Pennsylvania, is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Penitentiary at Baltimore is in a bad condition. The cells are small, and the prisoners are crowded together. Some of the cells are damp, and the prisoners are locked up there for days together, with the bucket of excrement in the cell. The Warden is a humane man, and has done what he could to remedy the evils, but the Legislature refuses to appropriate the money.

The Prison in Boston is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Prison in Concord, New Hampshire, is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Prison in Windsor, Vermont, is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Prison in Providence, Rhode Island, is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Prison in Hartford, Connecticut, is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Prison in Albany, New York, is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Prison in Auburn, New York, is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Prison in Sing Sing, New York, is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Prison in Utica, New York, is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Prison in Rochester, New York, is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Prison in Buffalo, New York, is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Prison in Cleveland, Ohio, is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Prison in Detroit, Michigan, is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Prison in Chicago, Illinois, is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Prison in Milwaukee, Wisconsin, is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Prison in Madison, Wisconsin, is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Prison in Wagner, Wisconsin, is well managed, and the prisoners are comfortable.

The Prison in Madison Jail

SATURDAY
EVENING POST.
PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

By the Pacific and North Star we have European dates to the afternoon of the 14th of August.

The North Star brought one hundred and twenty passengers, and four hundred tons of freight, and reports seeing an iceberg 200 feet high and 600 feet long, on the 19th ult., in lat. 46 42, lon. 48 25.

Intelligence from the Baltic states that, on the 6th ult., the English and a portion of the French fleet weighed from Nargen and anchored the same day off Sweaborg. On the 7th, the two fleets were drawn up in front of Sweaborg, and the bombardment was to commence the same afternoon.

Adm. Vivian had gone to the Black Sea to choose a landing-place for troops somewhere near Batoum.

Berdiansk has been again partially bombarded.

The Toulonnais states that the troops who are to lead the assaulting columns at Sebastopol, are to be provided with a sort of cuirass, which will in no wise impede the movements of the soldier, and will cover the fore part of the body, from the neck down to the knees.

The French Government publishes an indignant account of a discovered Legitimist conspiracy to excite an insurrection in Spain, and so further the ends of Russia. It is definitely stated, but still seems questionable, that Spain will supply 25,000 troops, to be in the pay of the Allies. Portugal, it is also said, will supply 10,000 troops.

The Italian General Pepe is dead.

Advices from Madeira give an unsatisfactory account of the condition of the islands. The vines are completely withered, and there is no other culture on which to rely for the means of subsistence.

Mercantile letters from St. Petersburg state that business goes on quietly, on a reduced scale, and that the exchanges are steady and the funds well supported. Nothing can be gained from these letters as to the state of opinion on the war.

It is once more stated that the Empress of the French is enceinte, and the fact has been communicated by various diplomatists to their Governments.

[illegible]

... the fire from the enemy showed that the panic had passed away. On the whole this ruse de guerre was satisfactory in the extreme to all concerned except the sufferers.

The Russian Report of Operations Before Kars.—The Invalide Russe publishes reports from Gen. Mouravieff, dated July 11th, respecting the operations in Asia. The main body of the Russian army commanded the Erzeroum road, and the patrols examined single individuals. On the 10th a reconnoissance was made of Kars. During the two hours occupied taking plans of the locality, the garrison was in the greatest agitation. Seven battalions of infantry and two regiments of regular cavalry left the entrenchments that remain under the cover of the guns, and did not even attempt to harass the Russian retreat. On the 5th a detachment of Turkish cavalry, engaged in driving back the Russian outposts, and collecting grain and forage, was encountered and defeated. The Turks lost 70 men killed, 100 men wounded and 14 taken prisoners in this affair.

Interesting Movements in Europe.—The King of Hanover has been taking a step which has surprised many and distressed more. He has repealed the Constitution which his father granted to the people seven years back, and, anticipating an uprising of the Hanoverians, is said to have invoked the aid of the Federal army to put down any disturbance which may ensue. This movement may possibly lead to results of a very important kind. If the war do not ultimately merge into a war of opinion, it will clearly not be the fault of the German Sovereigns.

Indeed, with the exception of France and Sardinia, the whole continent appears likely to be soon in the throes of convulsion; and even in France we hear of plots and conspiracies between the Legitimists to restore the elder branch of the Bourbons in that country, and, by means of an insurrection in Spain, to make a diversion in favor of Russia. Between the Court of Rome and that of Madrid a deadly feud has arisen, and the Pope's Nuncio has left the Spanish capital in disgust. Mazzini, in the States of the Church, and his agents in the Milanese and Venitian provinces, are busy sowing the seeds of revolt, influenced—if the Times is to be credited—by no higher impulse than Austrian gold.

The Pope Excommunicating the King and Ministry of Sardinia, &c.—Spain, Switzerland, and Piedmont, have constrained Pope Pius to put forth "the Apostolic severity." His Sardinian Majesty and his Ministers are formally declared to have incurred "the greater excommunication, and the other ecclesiastical censures and penalties inflicted by the Sacred Canons, the Apostolic Constitutions, the General Council, and above all, the Holy Council of Trent." The Pope is too gallant a man to go quite so far against Queen Isabella at present, and therefore contents himself with reprobating and abrogating the recent Constitutional Laws of that country, and declaring them null and of no effect, so far as they pretend to regulate ecclesiastical property, or deprive the Church of its "power and liberty" ...

[illegible]

KANSAS.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

[illegible]

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS.

[illegible]

THE STOCK MARKET.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

[illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

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The public are aware that we have lately been involved in a course of litigation respecting a Book on Convent Life, and the result is also known. Though there is a great diversity of opinion respecting the injunction and its attending circumstances, there can be but one concerning the merits of this work, in which we have now the pleasure of presenting a fuller and more detailed account of the inner life of Convents or Nunneries, than we could have presented in any other form. In order to render this volume as full an Exposition as possible of the abuses of which it treats, and to give publicly the facts which admit of almost immediate verification, in addition to the principal narrative the Confessions of a "Sister of Charity," written by herself, are also embodied, together with "The Experience of a Nun," the details of whose eventful history are deeply interesting, so that in this invaluable work we have a most diversified and thorough Exposition of the immoralities and impostures as practised in Nunneries.

Parents and Guardians who have the most distant idea of sending their children or wards to these plain-houses, falsely called "Institutions of Learning," should not fail to read the palpable evidences of criminality in entertaining such a thought, as set forth in this book—evidences convincing and undeniable. The profound sensation which these astounding Revelations are destined to create, has been already experienced to some extent in the literary world, among editors who have been furnished with proof-sheets of the work. They say that "it bears the unmistakable marks of truthfulness upon its face; and yet the mind shrinks with terror from the necessity of believing that such horrid criminalities are practised in Convents."

"Believe not the falsehoods the wretches will tell,
When they say I am happy and choose this dark cell;
Haste, open my prison—delay not to come,
Unbolt my damp dungeon, and carry me home."

Some idea of the nature and power of this volume may be derived from a perusal of the following Table of

CONTENTS.

[illegible]

Copies mailed post-paid on receipt of price.

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NOTICE TO BOOK AGENTS.

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FOOD HYMN.

Selected Sketch.

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City Scenes.

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An Hourly (about and with meaning.) "No wonder Baucus is cheap, Jim."

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